

Lower

ActiveAggression

Lower by ActiveAggression

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Anal Sex, Eddie being short as fuck, Established Relationship, First Time Blow Jobs, M/M, Mild Hurt/Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-01

Updated: 2017-10-01

Packaged: 2020-01-21 22:41:37

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,348

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

They grow up. Eddie's still short. That's okay though. Richie likes him that way.

Lower

Author's Note:

All aboard the trash train

They're fifteen and Eddie's still short. He's not as short as he once was, but his height didn't matter as much then as it does now, because now Richie wants to kiss him and it is so bloody difficult. Not only is Eddie shy and weird about kissing, he's also this level where Richie has to duck his head and hunch over to actually get their mouths to meet. And that's only when Eddie hesitantly gets up on his toes and helps him out.

If the kissing weren't so fucking fantastic, Richie wouldn't bother. But it is, so he just silently puts up with the back pain and pretends it's perfect. Because it almost is. Almost. Just...

"You're short."

"No fucking shit," Eddie deadpans. They're out in the Barrens. The area's still awful and still makes them shiver but it's also one of the only places they can go and be themselves without being beat up.

"It's irritating," Richie says, watching the long stalks of grass brush up under Eddie's chin. On Richie, they barely reach his chest.

Eddie bats the grass away from his face viciously. "I know," he gripes. Richie can see the grass curling under the hem of his shorts and has a little inward giggle about Eddie being molested by plants.

"I meant for me Eds," Richie counters, "It's irritating for me."

Eddie mutters something darkly that sounds a little like 'do you think I fucking care?' but Richie can't be sure that's exactly what he said. It could just as much have been 'I quite like bees.'

"Why Richie?" Eddie finally grouses, "why is *my* height such an issue for *you* ?"

He already knows why. Richie does not silently put up with anything,

despite his claims to, and has been complaining about his trials in kissing for as long as they've been doing it. Richie knows Eddie knows why.

"It makes it hard to kiss you," Richie answers anyway.

"This is all you ever talk about," Eddie groans.

"That's because it's important," Richie points out.

Eddie scrubs one hand over his face, the other yanking the grass away from him. It just flicks back and Eddie lets it go with a sigh. "You know what- fucking fine." He stalks closer and Richie's expecting a punch. What he actually gets is Eddie literally jumping into his arms, warm tiny hands wrapping around his shoulders while his legs curl tight around Richie's middle. Richie's hands kind of flail awkwardly before getting with the program and shifting to support the other boy. Richie thinks the gesture is quite gentlemanly, aside from how he's totally touching Eddie's butt. Butt touching is not a gentleman thing to do. (Or is it? He'll ask Stan later.)

"Don't drop me," Eddie mumbles, face bright red. Richie stares at him. He doesn't think he can handle this enough not to drop the smaller boy. Especially when Eddie leans forward, dips his head a little - what the hell - and presses a hard frustrated kiss to Richie's mouth.

Richie's never even considered this as an option. Now that it's happened and Eddie's clinging to him, heating their kiss with his bright cheeks, it seems like a horrendous oversight.

He doesn't drop Eddie, but it's a close thing.

Richie smiles at Mrs Kasprak as he comes in. She doesn't smile back but she does make a sort of welcoming gesture. She doesn't like him, but she's resigned to it. If she doesn't let Richie in, Eddie will just

sneak out.

“Thanks Mrs K,” he says and rushes up the stairs.

Eddie grins the moment he enters the room, and when Richie holds out his arms Eddie jumps right into them. They kiss for a long long time until Richie laughs into the kiss and says, “my arms hurt a little.” Which is a lie. They don’t hurt a little, they ache horribly.

Eddie hops down. He kicks Richie in the shin as he goes, but doesn’t apologise. Instead he says, “okay,” super easily and just pushes Richie back until he falls atop Eddie’s bed. It’s a little bit of a fall, cause Eddie’s bed is weirdly low down. Richie pushes himself onto his elbows, not really sure what’s going on until Eddie climbs on top of him and leans down to connect their lips back together.

Richie - well Richie hadn’t fucking considered this option either.

“Holy shit Eds,” he mumbles into the kiss.

Eddie pulls back and gives him a withering glare. “Don’t call me that,” he mutters. He eyes Richie’s form underneath him and pulls his fucking shirt over his head - just like that.

Richie can’t think of a single snarky thing to say and doesn’t get time to anyway cause Eddie drops back down to kiss him.

They’re sixteen. Unsurprisingly, Eddie’s still short. Even more unsurprisingly, Richie wants something.

“Hey Eddie,” Richie says, using the boy’s full name in an attempt to be serious. He very much wants something and if pandering to Eddie’s insistence of not being ‘Eds’ will get him it, he’s going to fucking pander.

“Mm,” Eddie hums, eyes half closed. He’s lying half under Richie, perfectly content in the warmth provided by his human blanket.

“You want a blowjob?” Richie asks, heart thundering in his chest. He tries for casual, but his voice both hitches and squeaks in the middle.

Eddie’s eyes snap open and his breaths get short, then shorter.

“Get the fuck off me,” he gasps. Richie stares. He hadn’t expected this reaction. “Get the fuck off of me!” Eddie yells, writhing and twisting to get out from under Richie. His breath hitches and Richie panics as he realizes Eddie is crying.

“What the fuck?” Richie asks, scrambling off the bed, legs carrying him to the other side of the room automatically. He presses his back against the wall, watching as Eddie pushes himself into a little ball on his bed. He’s hyperventilating, tears streaking down his cheeks. He looks scared - like IT scared.

“What the fuck?” Richie asks again.

Eddie wipes the wetness from his face, shaking the drops from his fingers. “I’m sorry Rich. It’s nothing,” he finally mumbles.

“Nothing?” Richie questions incredulously, “you call that nothing? I ask to blow you-” Eddie whimpers and curls tighter in on himself. “-and you freak out? I mean, fuck Eds, you’re crying.”

Eddie shakes his head unconvincingly. “I just - uh - wanted to blow you first,” he offers.

Richie doesn’t even deign to answer that load of shit. He just glares until Eddie sighs and sits back.

“That’s what It said,” he whispers, “and then It chased me and - fuck - for a second I thought-”

“It was back,” Richie surmises. Eddie nods miserably.

“It’s not,” Richie says, “It’s not back. It’ll never come back. And I still want to... you know...”

Eddie stares balefully at the carpet. "I don't think I can."

Richie pauses for a long second. He's not entirely sure why he does, just that it feels right. Usually he just whips his thoughts out there as soon as they enter his head, but there's nothing usual about this situation. This is serious, loathe as he is to connect blowjobs with anything not funny.

He feels a little jilted honestly. He thought blowjobs would stop being funny when he had his mouth on a dick, or vice versa, whatever. He'd definitely not wanted the experience to involve Eddie freaking out, pushing him away, saying "I just don't - I - I... I *can't*."

Richie lets out a long breath. "It's okay," he says. Eddie bursts into tears.

"You're rubbish at this," Richie remarks, because he has no brain to mouth filter *apparently*. God, he needs to shut up. What is wrong with him?

Eddie gapes up at him. "What the fuck Tozier?" he growls, which is kind of scary because he is centimetres from Richie's dick.

To be fair, Eddie's first blowjob has been shaping up rather terrible. He's on his knees - which is hot, sure - but he keeps fumbling around with his tongue and the head of Richie's dick, drawing it down to a weird angle. He's been completely unable to find a rhythm because every time he tries, Richie's dick escapes from his mouth and hits him in the eye. This was hilarious, of course, the first couple of times but now Richie's mostly had it. He just wants a damn blowjob.

This is another of those activities Eddie's too damn short for.

"It's not your fault," Richie tries to soothe, "you're just too short for this."

Eddie smacks him hard on his bare thigh. "Fuck you," he seethes.

Richie ducks his head. They are most definitely done here. Eddie will likely never want to suck Richie's *anything* ever again.

Eddie's indignation seems to drain out of him. He gets to his feet and sighs. "Honestly, I thought this might be an issue," he admits. Then he shoves Richie out of nowhere. He does it again and again until Richie falls down onto the bed.

He thinks he knows where this is going for once. Horizontal blowjobs are actually something he's thought about before. It makes absolutely no sense whatsoever to him when Eddie, instead of climbing over him onto the bed, gets down on his knees again. Richie blinks stupidly at his boyfriend, trying to read his mind and see what the fuck he wants here.

Eddie rolls his eyes. "Sit the fuck up," he groans and when Richie does, he manhandles him until he's sitting on the edge of Eddie's abnormally low bed. He thinks he starts to get it, get that Eddie's mouth is now actually weirdly well aligned with Richie's dick, but doesn't quite parse through the entire thought train before Eddie is bending down to lick up the length of his cock.

And well, after that it really doesn't matter whether he gets it or not.

Richie all too casually turns his head from where it's pillowed on Eddie's lap. Eddie's fingers fall from the strands of hair they were playing with and skim along his cheek.

"Richie?" he asks, probably because he's under the impression that Richie's been asleep for the past half hour which is not at all true. Richie's just been trying to work up the courage to actually try this. He nuzzles his face against Eddie's thigh, knowing that very very close by is Eddie's dick.

Eddie freezes. He doesn't just stop moving, stops jiggling his leg or sliding his fingers along Richie's ear. Every single part of him goes tense and he is no longer a comfortable pillow. He's more like a slab

of concrete.

Richie feels a little disappointment and shoves that down because it's not Eddie's fault and Richie isn't going to push this, no matter how much he wants to.

He blows some hair out of his face and smiles lazily up at Eddie. "Guess not then," he says shrugging as much as he can while lying down.

Eddie relaxes into the couch again. "No," he agrees quietly, "sorry Richie."

Richie sneaks his fingers into Eddie's hand and squeezes. "Nothing to be sorry for."

It's not until Eddie's on his arms and knees in front of Richie that he realises this might not work. They're seventeen and Eddie is still damn short.

"Uh," Richie says, trying to list down a little to properly line up. It's not working and it's not like Richie can shorten his thighs to get down to Eddie's level. "Eds, I don't think this is gonna work."

Eddie tenses. Richie can see it in the lines of his back. "You are not serious," he mutters furiously, "you can't break up with me *later*?"

Richie can't help the laugh that's forced out of him. "No Eds. I'm not dropping you. This-" he grinds his dick against Eddie's tailbone, "is not gonna work. You're too short."

Eddie grumbles a little, turns around and pushes Richie down on the bed. "Could you just forget about my height for one second?"

Richie shrugs. "No. It really fucks with my groove. You know? My groove of fucking you. Cause I'd really like to and it's making it hard. Ha, hard."

Eddie closes his eyes, like he can't believe he's dating someone as spectacularly cool as Richie - at least that's what Richie assumes.

"How's this for hard," he growls, climbing over onto Richie's lap. Richie's hands find his hips immediately, much before his brain finds the situation. By that time Eddie's already lined up with his dick and just sits the fuck down.

Richie blinks at him, then belatedly moans. "Holy fuuuu-ckking shit Eds."

He half expects Eddie to say, 'don't call me that' but he doesn't, just sinks further down - bouncing up every now and again like a brief reprieve will make them fit together better.

Okay, so... yet another option Richie didn't fucking consider. There has to be something wrong with him. How has he not thought about Eddie riding him before? How does Eddie get these great ideas? Is he just thinking about different ways to fuck Richie all the time?

God, Richie hopes so.

Eddie looks adorable, which isn't how Richie would usually describe someone riding a dick - usually he would describe such a person as 'Eddie's mum' and he would get a punch for it - but Eddie really is. He's flushed, eyes closed tight as his teeth sink into his bottom lip. He's soft and small in Richie's hands and without even thinking about it, Richie pulls him further down onto his lap as he thrusts up.

Eddie half moans at that - a sound beginning as a gasp and ending as a long drawn out single syllable.

"Don't Rich," he mumbles, "I don't- I need a second."

It takes immense willpower, but Richie stills entirely. The two exceptions to his lack of movement are the uncontrollable heaving breaths shaking his chest and the soft circling of his thumbs over Eddie's hipbones.

Slowly Eddie starts moving, possibly because he sensed Richie was about to try and fill the silence with words. The words, which happened to be, 'god you're so fucking beautiful' die in his throat, and Richie's thankful 'cause he's not sure he'd be able to live down the embarrassment of actually saying that aloud. Eddie sure as fuck wouldn't let him forget it. It would be all, 'what a *beautiful* day Rich, would you say almost as beautiful as me?' and 'is that girl as beautiful as me Rich?' in this obnoxious wide-eyed girly voice.

Sure, there's the possibility Eddie would just blush more, right down his chest, but Richie thinks it's far more like Eddie to just make fun of him.

Eddie tilts his hips a little, sinks back down and they both gasp. Richie feels like his thoughts have been knocked from his very core and he isn't even a person anymore, just a sensation. He can't think, he certainly can't move, definitely can't speak.

Eddie lets out a low, drawn "Fuuuccck," and does the same movement again. This time his nose wrinkles a little and the moan that comes out is searching. He must've found something and lost it again.

Richie isn't sure what. He's too busy watching his dick slipping neatly into his boyfriend. 'Lost,' Richie thinks absently, and when it reappears as Eddie lifts up, 'found... Lost... Found.'

He giggles, because he's happy and giddy and also because he's thinking about losing his dick in Eddie. Eddie glares at him and sinks down sharply. He probably intends it as some sort of punishment - which is ridiculous. It works out for him though apparently because he moans loudly and presses himself down harder, grinds against Richie.

Richie in turn loses control of his mouth. He starts babbling, starting with little things like, "gods Eddie, taking it so well," which earns him an amused snort, and, "you should never wear clothes," which earns him both a blush and a punch in the chest.

'Worth it,' he thinks happily, which is just about when things go wrong because as well as his mouth, he loses control on his basic

sense of what he should definitely not say to Eddie.

“I wanna blow you so bad,” he groans. There’s a perfectly nice dick in his line of vision. It’s *not his fault!* “Get my mouth on you. I bet you’d taste so perfect.”

Eddie freezes, which feels rather nice for a second as the smaller boy gets tighter - fucking somehow, Jesus. Richie tries to remember how to breathe and instead recalls exactly what he just said. Fuck.

“Eddie,” he says, voice a full octave higher than it should be. He smooths small circles into Eddie’s hips with his fingers. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean that - well, I did. But I... I’m sorry.”

Eddie’s mouth is a tight small line, which makes his sudden movement very unexpected. The boy stares straight ahead, not even really focusing, and lifts himself up, drops himself down, lifts himself up. It’s absent and Richie feels cold all over. God, he’s such a fucking idiot.

He tightens his hold on Eddie’s hips and pulls him down hard. Eddie gasps loudly, head dropping down until his chin rests on his chest. He goes to make another absent lift upward and Richie holds him down, keeps him there.

“Eddie,” he says tightly, “Look at me.”

Eddie twitches but doesn’t move.

“Eddie,” he repeats, going for a different tactic, “I didn’t realise you’d be so quiet in bed. I like ‘em loud. That’s why I keep coming back to your mother.”

There’s a long moment where Eddie doesn’t react. Then he snorts, raises his head to glare at Richie. “Shut up Richie,” he says. His smile is fond. Now is definitely not the right time to address the blowjob thing again.

Richie grins and Eddie resumes fucking himself on Richie’s dick. There’s nothing absent about it now. He’s quivering all the way down his spine, sighing and moaning and whispering little curses here and there.

Richie just grips his hips and tries his best to survive the experience. He thinks it's possible he'll explode before it's over and is sure he won't mind.

Eddie comes before he does, which is insane and testament probably to how much he really doesn't want to fuck this up. He doesn't think he *can* go soft from nerves while Eddie's naked, but if he could they'd probably never be able to have sex ever.

There's something beautiful about Eddie teetering over the edge, moans getting stuck in his throat. It may be the way those moans turn into "I love you" and then repeat again and again as Eddie comes.

Then Richie gets Eddie's cum in his eye and their moment is over.

"Fuck," Richie hisses, swiping at his eye, "love you too dude. Maybe aim a little *lower* next time."

Eddie laughs at him, slow and sated, which is totally unfair cause Richie's still wound the fuck up.

"This is why I do it with your mum," Richie tells him, " *she* doesn't get cum in my eye."

Eddie laughs harder, not even punching Richie or anything. Finally, wheezing and bright pink, he stops though his mouth stays twitching and upturned.

"I'll make it up to you," Eddie offers. With a little smirk and a weirdly smooth movement of his hips, he gets right back at it. It being blowing Richie's fucking mind.

Right as Richie's about to lose it, Eddie leans down a little and whispers, "I want you to blow me Rich. I want that so much, sometimes I can't think about anything else at all."

Richie comes so hard his knees ache and he has to kiss Eddie else he'll actually lose his mind. Eddie doesn't seem to mind, hums into the kiss and places little soft touches to Richie's arms and chest. Finally he pulls away, offering a little warm smile.

Richie offers one of his own back, but he's winded and it probably looks like he's dying.

"Only when you're ready Eds," he says.

Eddie's smile grows into a full-fledged grin. "Don't call me Eds."

Author's Note:

Hey so actually not underage where i'm from. But I know it is in other places, so tagged it to be safe. You know, In case anyone's wondering why it is tagged as such. Probably not. Whatever.

And In case anyone's wondering about the blowjob It thang, it's part of the book.